THE
MAIDEN QVEENE
Entituled

The Britaine ſhepheardes teares for the *death of Aſtrabomica.*

Augmented the worldes vanitie,
Both in ſententiall Verſe, neceſſary and profitable to bee read of all Men.

1607.

Sola Virtus expers Sepulchri.

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Pelham 36788

To the right worshipfull and *vertuous Ladie* Katherine wife vnto the worthy sir *George Morton Knight.*

RAre Chrisolite of vertues treasurie,
Within whose lookes rarieties doe daunce,
In liuing Corrall and pure Yuorie,
Enamelling your modest countenance,
Whose holy life like Angels attomies,
Make strangers giue you tributarie praise,
A damaske blush which by no dieing dies
But springs when death Lifes prentiship decayes.

In steed of siluer Vallance let me draw
Your fauours heauenly in Diapar
On these complaintes of Astrabonica,
Ambrosian Ladie if you grant it her
My Muse shall make your worship lõger knowne,
Then Nymphs or Characties *on marble stone*

Your worships to command

Henry Raymonde.

In Zoilum.

VVHen Pan with great Apollo did contend,
For glorie of sweet touch, and accent pure,
The Phrigian King as Iudge the strife to end,
To rurall Pan the Laurell did assure
Phœbus offended with his vniust doome,
Gaue Asses eares to such as claim'd his roome.
Then iudge on Zoilus boldly, for to you
The Asses eares, his head and all are due.

Pascitur in viuis liuor, post fata quiescit.

The

The Britaine Shepheardes *teares for the death of Aſtra-* bonica in ſententiall *Verſe.*

Canto I.

WHen Rubie ſpring in primroſe weede,
Beſpang'd freſh louers ſeaſon,
The Virgin Queene, of heauenly ſeede,
By vertue ſoule and reaſon.

Audacious fate declin'd, ſuppreſt,
And Englands ioy depriued,
This Orient Corrall, Natures beſt,
Whom death againe reuiued.

Mox etiam ad ſuperos mœſtus Aſtræa receſſit Iuuen.

In heauen, fame, and Cinders, ſhe
Suruiuing, abſent, flieth,
And dead, ſequeſtred liues in three,
And, as the *Phœnix* dieth.

Igne ſuo Vitam dum raſpit, igne capit phœnica, &c. proper

Enuie, I laugh thy worſt to ſcorne,
Thy ſmiles, with murthers vnder:
The glories which by her were borne,
Shall kill with double wonder.

Her ſpirit rich in ſaintes deſignes,
Eagle-eide wiſedome teaching,
Higher then *Hiperion ſhines*,
Her contemplations reaching.

Ruling with meekeneſſe and reward,
Goddeſſe of vertues gardaine,
Moſt God-like ſhe was here prepard,
To conquer vice with pardon.

And when pale death did her conuince,
King Iames in vertue ſhining
Succeedes, and now that noble Prince,
Supports vs from declining.

Which ſacred ſtates by fate diſioinde,
The liuing raigns for euer.
The dead is vnto fame combinde,
And either times outliuer.

Cant. II.

Aurora weepe thou pearly mhirre
Diſtill each incenſorie groue
True ſhepheardes teares to ſhed on her
That was the azure heauens loue,

Thou *Iuniper* and *Sicomore*,
Deplore you Aſtraes fatall fall,
VVeepe *Laurel* to *Apollo* deare
And *Violets* which the prime do call.

For *Aſtra* faire with hairs adorn'd,
Like Tinſil diaperd on pearle,
The iealous ſtarres haue death ſuborn'd
To ſteale her hence, more lucent girle.

For

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

For heauens faire Lamps, that gliſter ſo,
From her perfection hid their face,
Or els they had with ſcornefull woe,
Beene Sun-burnt by more lucent grace.

Aſtra nubes condidit lunam nec clarius fulgent ſydera: hoc

Her breath was like the verdure worne
On Sommers forehead: *Maias* birth
Cannot, with ſuch perfume adorne
The cloſet of greene mantled earth.

Of nightingales a conſort ſweet
Recorded, whilſt the Nymphs with Palme
Shrowded faire *Aſtraes* winding ſheet,
Of Caſſia and ſpiced Balme.

Thus all betweene the Sunne and Earth
Conuerſe with men but like the ſnow:
For what promotion, health, or wealth
Is there, but time doth ouerthrow?

Quid ſi bene notum porticus Agrippæ te conſpexeris: ire tamen ſupereſt Numa quo deuenit & Ancus: hora.

Thus life preſentes the new ſprung May,
That morning blewes, and heat of noone,
Blights, that it flouriſh'th not a day,
Declining in it ſelfe more ſoone.

Cant. III.

The Cinocure, whoſe gliſtring light,
Was clearer of my pleaſures morne,
Hath lockt me in cares *Ebon* night,
Bound in the chaire of fortunes ſcorne.

The

The Cinthia of my thought is loſt,
(So vaine it is to flouriſh here)
But after her my loue ſhall poſt,
To meete againe my natiue deere.

So on the ſweet Paſtane faire,
Of her rich foreheads, *Edin* plaine,
Where all the loue of heartes repaire,
My flocke of ioyes may feede againe.

Eliſius campis datur ora tuenda tuus. Virg

That walking with thee, in the groue,
Where bleſſed ſoules delights are ſhut,
My wretched eies may once more roue,
Vpon thy lookes that life did cut.

From me, but if vnwaſted art,
Yet ſporting by the *Elizian* ſhore,
I will come ſerue thee with the part,
Of dutie, not perform'd before.

Poſtquam te partem animæ mea rapuit maturior Vis. nec Charus nec ſuperſtes ipſe ſui miſi. Hor.

For thee I waſte, as wood on flames,
Or as diſſolued wax on coales,
And pine much like, the gnat that games
Him in the lampe, till death controles.

Nunc ager Vmbreni ſub nomine nuper Oſelli dictus, erit nulli proprius Hor.

Thus earthly thinges are not our owne,
Their bloſſomes euery blaſt decayes:
Thoſe, that on earth are longeſt ſhowne,
Do ſpring and fall within few dayes.

The

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

The tree in morne, that proudly grew,
Ere glade is often blowne away,
And then no ſhowers can it renew,
To flouriſh after firſt decay.

Qui Letheum tranſiit flumen nulla illum poſſint reducere Carina. Sene.

Canto IIII.

VVhē Prime, fancies weeping mother,
Corral buds, as ioyes fore-commer,
Brought from radiant Sol, her brother,
To ennamell Ladie Sommer.

Aſtra, the roſe-bud of our ſpring,
Dying, with ſecond life was crown'd
And euery Muſe, and euery thing,
Her cheſt in weeping fare wells drown'd.

Et longum formoſe Vale, Vale inquit Iola Virg

The *Hyrachies* in Tempe greene.
With ſiluer girdled Thames decreede,
For to enterre this maiden Queene,
Whoſe better neuer ſhould ſucceede.

Cui parem alma fides non inueniet Hor.

Her ſoule fled to the Edin doore,
In dulcent gardaines taking eaſe,
Nepenthe doth her ioyes reſtore,
VVithout the cup of *Menales*.

There *Ceres* giues her *Atis* flowre
Venus her louers ſtammell bud,
Hermophrodite erects her bowre
By *Atis* in the mirtle wood.

There sport with them by quiet Leathe,
A while, my ioy and I will come,
And kisse thy footesteps after death,
As now I do adorne thy tombe.

Fortuna vt me dicus ignarus multos cæcat Eras.

Thus when worldes chiefest things arise,
Chance bends our minds to fancy those,
VVith which most swift away she flyes,
VVhen on them once our liking growes

Canto V.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor vrget Hora.

DId then the flower of maidens fall,
Into deathes slumber? no not so,
But saintes did her to heauen call,
VVith them in Paradise to go,

Micat inter omnes Iulium sidus velut inter ignes Luna minores.

Saying thou *Phœnix* of all starres,
Come to the crowned Virgins here,
Adore thy Sauiour and the scarres,
By which he ransom'd thee so deare.

Humanum est humanis casibus ingemiscere Herodi.

But I, sith mortall, must lament,
For thee, sweet *Queene*, for thee for euer,
Railing on death's vngentle dent,
O death, O Ioy, O sorrow giuer.

Nullum sæua caput fugit Proserpina.

O who can ward the stroke of thee?
Or for himselfe or friend compound?
Or to preserue mortalitie,
VVhat *Onamell* can there be found,

And

And sith she was *Theano* wise,
A *Samarite* vnto the poore,
And *Tuca* chast within the skies,
You Gods to her a star restore.

Det pater sedes alcadi inter Astra Sen.

And euer whilst I tarry here,
I will burne incensory wood,
To thee, and send yong *Turtles* deare
For tokens to th'*Elizian* floud.

Thura dabo atque omnes Gaudia iactabo colores luuenq. Parte tibi aeria sunt palumbes Virgil.

Princesse and Queene I will thee call,
My *Swanes*, for thy decease, shall weepe,
For euer, by *Thamesis* fall,
Cursing deaths priuate pnblike sleepe.

Cant. VI.

THe *Thrush* shall descant of thy fame,
In siluer warbles to the spring,
Her yong shall do the very same:
In other ages as they sing.

Virtutes tuas nobilis exprimet infans luuenq.

The Virgins yet vnborne shall walke,
Vnto *Dianas* silent woods,
Thy chastitie shalbe their talke,
As they do crop the maiden buds.

The Captaine of more high desire,
Thy wealth, thy bounty, and thy men,
Thy peace and conquest shall admire,
Such fate perchance declined then,

But I forget my ſelfe to mourne,
That ioy to mourne, and mourne to ioy,
*S*ince I beheld the bleſſed Vrne,
Whoſe boſome holdes my ioyes annoy,

You adamantine ruthleſſe Beares,
Lay rage aſide and weepe with me,
Thou wolfe, if thou for her ſhed teares,
The ſhepheardes ſwaine ſhall pardon thee.

The Cattoblepos

Thou beaſt that doeſt the Moone delight,
Thy Goddeſſe waile no more but die.
Cinthia the comfort of the night,
Is plac'd in heauen, out of the skie.

Nunquam Stygias fertur ad Vmbras inclita Virtus. Sene.

But die not louing, hating creature,
Liue not, foole in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Her vertues ſpight of ſuch defeature,
A double view do ſtill expreſſe.

Cant VII.

YEt comfortles we all decay:
So did her delian eſſence pleaſe,
So beſt reſpects ſlide firſt away,
And griefe concludes the greateſt eaſe.

Diuitiæ ſedent in Vſum nunc mihi nunc alii. Hor.

A Crowne poſſeſt of him this day,
Ere long ſome other doth poſſeſſe,
And thoſe which for eſtate aſſay,
Then leaſt, by falling, are made leſſe.

The

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

Lubrica fortunæ ſunt dona: Hor.

The chiefeſt ſtore of worldly thiuges,
Are flying in a skie of glaſſe,
Which fortune giueth waxen wings,
To melt, before they come to paſſe.

Then care of minde, and bodies griefe,
Still vexeth life, and death doth come,
In our ſecurenes, like a thiefe,
Miſhaps warne none, but biteth dombe,

Quod nollimus accipimus quod vellimus perdimus, Terent:

And nought is ſooner loſt, ſaue things,
Which to enioy we muſt requeſt,
But thoſe, we would not, fortune bringes
To life, the mother of vnreſt.

A thouſand cares chance doth preſent,
With one good thing vnto our eies,
Which when to take our mindes conſent,
The more abide, the leſſer dies.

Carpe diem quam minimũ credulus poſtero Hor.

Sith freſheſt thinges ſo ſoone decay,
And reſt as they had neuer beene,
Once gone, he therefore that will may,
Muſt gather time when it is greene.

Canto VIII.

IS any Muſe weeper for death,
Whoſe teares can giue a *Phœnix* life.
Yes, *Clio* mourns, when kings yeeld breath
And ſalues the wound of ſorrowes knife.

Then Aconite, Cypreſſe and Yewe,
Yeeld ſable ſhadow vnto graues,
The Virgin Laurel is her due,
And vertues bud her tombe imbraues:

You *Theſpian* Imps of memorie,
Sing but of her magnificence,
And your heroick harmony,
Like Mermaides tunes, ſhall rauiſh ſence.

Time ſtroke this marigoldes faire crowne,
So Queene-apples conſume to clay,
Paunces and Hiacinths fall downe,
In earthly thinges there is no ſtay,

Wherefore awhile I meane to ceaſe,
My teares that after ſhall abound,
Though few mone him, that will encreaſe,
A ſparke that will himſelfe conſound,

Iam Eliſias domus, iam beatũ lætus tenet Sen

Yet will I not relinquiſh plaintes,
For *Aſtræa* ſweet my ſong ſhall leade,
Who loſt for euer, with the ſaintes,
Remaineth in th' *Elizian* meade.

Nulla te terris rapiet Vetuſtas Sen.

Now dwelleth dead here, and liuing there,
And yet aliue in euery place:
For *Atropos*, nor time can beare,
From earth, the vertues of her grace.

And

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

And you poore ſwaines, that ſigh and crie,
For her, yet neuer ſaw her face,
Take here a ſhepheardes Virelay,
That ſhall recite you what ſhe was.

An Ode Canto IX.

AS *Philomela* doth condole,
When Plowmē hard of heart haue ſtole
Out of *Dianaes* chamber,
Her little ones, ſo we lament,
Rayling on death's vngentle dent,
That cloſ'd thy breath's ſweet Amber

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela ſub Vmbra, amiſſos queritur fœtus quos durus arator detraxit, Virg.

O death her face was wonders booke,
Charactred with an angels looke,
Where in a little heauen,
Ten thouſand dimpled ſmiles did dwell,
Sporting in vertues Onamell,
But now ſhe is bereauen.

Her radient forehead was the skie,
The ſhining *Onix* fixt thereby,
Her eies the Beames of *Phœbe*
Her cheeke pure Salamander downe,
Ennameld with an orient crowne,
More lucent then faire *Hebe*

Like wiery gold her locks did ſhine,
Her breath more ſweet then Eglantine,
Her ſpeech all Muſicks wonder:

And

And euery part ſo paſſing faire,
That deſtenies did rent their haire,
Such dulcent life to ſunder.

If that a goddeſſe ſhould aſſume,
Life made for nature to conſume.
Shee could not better gouerne,
She left no fame of ſinne behinde,
Bnt boundles ornaments of minde.
And was her bodies Soueraigne.

*Pracipe lugus
breue tantor
Melpomen. Hor.*

Melpomen, by the Caſtale flow,
Tune thy ſweet treble to our wo,
For iron fortune cloſes,
Her breaſt exceeding ſommers milke,
Or Lillies ſpread on damaske ſilke,
Or times admired roſes.

*Tibi Lilia plenis
ecce ferunt
Nympha calathis. Vir.*

Come gentle *Flora* to our Queene,
Bring *Dill* and *Ladie-laſes* greene,
To deck our rurall glory,
Here gladent lies the ſplendent Sunne,
Whoſe influence our day begun,
That all the meades are ſory.

*Tuum pani etiam
ingemuere
leones interitum
Virg.*

The little *Goates* do learne to weepe,
So do the *Wolues*, ſo do the *Sheepe*
The Signets as in dying
Warble vpon *Meanders* ſhore,
The Vultures for her loſſe deplore,
In their vnlucky crying.

*Hic Vultur il-
lic luctifer bubo
gemit: Sen:*

But

But thus the *Iem* of earthly thinges,
One moment vnto nothing brings,
Thus flesh hath no assurance.
What most thereof we pretious call,
Like to the leafe doth spring and fall:
But now she hath indurance.

Where happy soules contained are,
To be our climates *Venus* starre
Why Muse then stay thy mourning,
And also we haue part of her,
Spiced with penitentiall mirre,
Vntill her soules returning.

Her Obiet. Canto X.

Ornamus tumulos & lauro ter ra virenti spargitur. Iuue.

Astrea, let thy shephearde come,
And keepe this obiet at that tombe,
VVhich was our ioyes bereauer,
Times siluer daughter, purest maide,
I will adorne where thou art laide,
That wast, and art for euer.

Gentis humanæ pater & custos tibi curæ magni Cæsaris data. Hor.

A *Phœnix* thy dead cinders gaue,
From thee a roiall king we haue,
Good angels be his guider,
And Monarchs his posteritie,
Till time the day of doome descry,
He is our cares deuider.

Dearling to the graces three,

VVhilſt *Alchamiſts* ordaine for thee,
A tombe of Gold and Amber,
Mollia luteola pinget Vacinia caltha Virg.
The marigold, the ſunnes delight,
Greene *Baſil* and the Primroſe white,
Shall deck thy bridall chamber.

Gloria Virtutis tanquam Vmbra ſequitur Cicero.
Huſbandles, faire wedded maide,
To Chriſt, true vertues haue defraide,
In ſteed of deaths ſhort ſlumber,
Such praiſes to thy Virgin name,
Such lucent attomies of fame,
No Linceus eie can number.

Yet wil I tell although a Swaine,
The golden age was in thy raigne.
It was an Aprill ſeaſon.
Thy bountie ſeem'd the verdant ſhowers,
Thy vertues rare a wreath of flowers,
As ſun-beames bright thy reaſon.

It was a ſight of worth to view
What maieſtie did thee endew.
Thy wiſedomes true decerning,
How other realms did deifie
Would aske *Minerua* to deſcry.
VVhich is the Queene of learning

Though inſolence doth now repine.
At times extinct, thoſe daies of thine,
Derided fond ſuppoſers.

Thy

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

Thy counſailers were famous farre,
Thy champions terror in all warre,
Thy fleete new worldes diſcloſers,

Thy realme was like an *Indian* mine,
The pureſt mettall was thy coine,
The arts that then were vſed,
Iuſuing times may imitate,
But not exceede in any rate,
Vnpartially peruſed.

Thy fleetes reſembled *Zerxes* power,
Each leader in them was a tower.
Thy ſoldiers rocks of honour,
The companies which thoſe did yeeld,
Could beat great *Ceſar* from the field.
And wound their foes with horror,

The illuſtrious bands were infinite,
Which ſhe kept diſciplin'd to fight,
And readie at an hower,
Her Cannon, Musket and her pike,
Her troupes of horſe ſo thunder-like,
Scornd *Alexanders* power.

Her captaines march't in ſuites of gold,
And ſiluer cloth of price vntold,
In chaines and indian pearle,
For ſilke and veluet was but meane,
Such happie plentie flouriſh'd then,
To bleſſe this heauenly girle,

Champions.

Pallam ſignis auroque rigentem: colloque monile baccatum. & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam Virg.

Purpures Chriſtis iuuenes auroque coruſci, Virg.

Her men moſt fierce to fight at hand,
Could vſe the vtmoſt of a band,
For high exploites reſolued,
VVell ſet they were and fitly made,
Famous to charge and to inuade,
They ſterneſt foes diſſolued.

To lead thoſe valours liued then,
Yong *Eſſex* that braue Mars of men,
VVho in *Galizia* raiſed,
His Speare, and dar'd at ſingle fight,
T'incounter proudeſt ſpaniſh knight,
He was like *Hector* prailed.

There were no Idols in her daies,
One God with vnprophaned praiſe,
She moſt deuoutly ſerued,
Her Clergie were a noble ſort,
Of learning rare, and good report,
And were by faith preſerued.

Her lawyers were profound and wiſe,
No priuate fee could right ſurpriſe
Vice had ſuch ſickles readie,
Troiamus opibusque egemus Dido. Virg.
It neuar had a time to grow
Great pentions ſhe did ſtill beſtow
Vpon the ſick and needie.

The damaske roſe her enſigne bore,
Her cheeke that badge in beauty wore,
The Lyon was her banner.

mer

For the death of Aſtrabonica:

Her minde heroicke fixt to this,
Made her the milke-white Lioneſſe,
Of pittie, mixt with honour.

Thus was the land-like to the coſt,
Of *Edin* which old *Adam* loſt,
Whilſt that white roſe remained,
But for ſhe liu'd below the ſunne,
Where all thinges vnto ending runne.
Shee could not be retained.

Inſula diues opũ Priami dum regna manebant. Virg.
Nempe Alcides mortalis obiit Sene.

Our liues are at ſo fraile a rate,
Death is our fur'ſt aſſociate,
Our ioyes reſigne to ſorrow,
And loſt, or gotten thinges but grieue,
Leſſe happie time, then bad we liue,
Vncertaine of the morrow.

Neme tam diuos habet fauentes crastinum vt sibi possit polliceri Seneca.

Thus life enioyes no reſidence,
Short minutes do our time diſpence,
And ſixtie times an hower
Time changeth as the moments runne,
Things ſeeming permanent begunne:
Time doth, like gnats deuoure,

Bnt loe the *Lapidaries* come,
With orient *Iems* to raiſe thy tombe,
In forme of heauens faire motion,
Of *Iaſper* cleare ſhalbe the skie,
The Sunne of guilded Yuorie,
Diana in her ſtacion.

VVith siluer starres shall make a night,
Her selfe a blasing Chrisolite,
And interposed vnder,
Greene mirtle groues of Emerauld,
For earth center shalbe impald,
In this applausiue wonder.

Reuested in a Saphire blew,
Shall lie a maide of snowie hew,
Vpon a tombe of pearle.
The Muses nine in corrall drawne,
Clouded in Tinsill and pure lawne,
Shall mourne about this girle.

VVhite turtles also pensil'd theare,
Of diamond shall tapers beare,
VVhich starres shall tip in burning,
In violet gownes nimphs manifold,
Shall sit and pray in bookes of gold,
And make harmonious mourning.

Poore shepheard, then I will away,
Sweet nightingale, and larke go play,
Her obiet thus was ended:
And she surviues in heauen aboue,
And ioyes of paradise doth proue,
And is with saints attended.

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

LIke as the Swan, which neuer ſings before,
Time, naturs ſteward, bids him life reſtore
Then with ſuch tunes receiues his finall ſleep
That all *Meanders* continent do weepe.
So do I ſing though not ſo ſweet a lay,
Yet it preſageth of my dying day,
And ſpeaking *Aſtrabonica* of thee,
The turtle doues reſort to viſit me.
The Nymphes, as witneſſes, about me come,
How I dy'd ſpeaking, though I liued dombe.
Some to deride me, bnt none proue more bad
Then ſuch as ſee me ſo wiſe, ſo good ſo ſad.
The laſie Owle, that harbendger of death,
Reſoundes a dirge for thy expired breath.

Piſcoſque amne paduſa Dat ſonitum rauci per ſtagna loquaces Lacyeni. Virg.

Buboſape queriet longas in fletum ducere voces. Virg.

Canto XII.

THe bird that makes his ſong-booke of a (thorne,
By the incloſure of thy graue doth mourn
The glo-worme kinde, thy obſequies to hold
In ſteed of tapers, ſhines like *Phebus* gold.
The gliſtering ycikle, when winters come,
VVith ſiluer labels beautifie's thy tombe.
Deſpiſe not then that by th'*Eliʒian* coaſt,
In ſhepheardes muſicke I ſalute thy ghoſt,
For feare the ſunne ſhould languiſh in deſire,
And by deſcending ſet the world on fire.
Nature & death decreed that thou ſholdſt die
Viewing the ſtarry caſement of thine eye.
VVhoſe browes of beauty ſtill inclot'd ſuch
As dim'd the carbuncle the Chriſolite. (light

Niter tui ſplendentis parto marmore purius Hora.

Canto

Canto XIII.

WHen flowring *Floras* veſture doth begin,
To ſhew the cowſlip with his balmy chin
Her verdure rare, infuſd into ſome flower,
Might, with *Adonis*, dill vp Maies bower,
VVithin her face, that features Hellicon,
Latona had her chaſt Pauilion.
And to the waters doth lament her loſſe,
VVho with an orient, ſtellifi'd the coſt.
The little Nimphs their yuorie lutes do frame
For her the Stygian Marriner to blame,
Melpomene to whom *Apollo* gaue (graue
The dolefull voice doth mourne beſides her
Pleaſant Euterpes eies for anguiſh weepes,
To ſee her gladed in eternall ſleepe.

Canto XIIII

OVVhen will Time her equall find againe
For to inhabit in this mortall raigne,
She hath beene oft bewaiid of each degree,
But of none more (ſweet vertue) then of thee
No Orpheus ſongs can her recall againe,
Vnto the image of her flouring raigne,
For *Mercurie*, with his hard wand hath led,
Her hence, vnto the blacke flocke of the dead
But when ſuch helps fortune loades the ſight,
Patience and fortitude muſt make it light,
Old wintry age, in griſly furrowes now,

Multi ille bonis flebilis occidit nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgil. Hor. Quicquid corrigi non poteſt leue eſt patientia Catullus

Callends

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

Callends of death Indents vpon my brow.
Yet ere I fade and ere my pen ſhall paſſe,
I'le ſhew the world how good a Q. ſhe was,

Canto XV.

I, In the ruines of my with'red luſt,
That ſhould but medirate on ſable duſt.
Thy blandiſhments, as loue-ſicke muſt vn-
For the ſucceeding ages to behold. folde,
Characting it, vpon ſome mirtles barke,
In verſes fit to greete the mornings larke.
You little heard-grooms boũd to ſhepheards
See then what wight was *Aſtrabonica*, (law,
The damaske roſes incenſorie bud, *Purpuriat dedo rAtque comas diffundere Ventis Virg.*
For pure vermiliõ could not match her bloud
Her voice with wonder hearing charmed ſtill
Like to an *Orpherion* toucht with skil. (twine
Her hairs that with the warbling winde doth
Did ſeem, then *Tagus* richer, more deuine.

Cant. XVI.

HEr eies preſented with her forehead euẽ, *Theſe ſonets importe the accompliſhments of her youth.*
Stars dancing in the ſiluer hall of heauẽ
Phœbe reflected not more brighter on,
Her tender louer yong *Endimion*.
Her words from wits circumference did fall,
Compriſing methode moſt angelicall.
To ſuch, as modeſtie did not reueale,
She was obdurate with a flintie zeale.

Ouid himselfe could not her faire impart,
And yet her beautie was her pooreſt part.
When ſhee did trip vpon an *Aprill* greene,
You would haue took her for *Adonis* Queene
Her daintie lips ſhe moued being merrie,
Deſcrib'd a corrall kiſſing of a cherrie.

Canto XVII.

THis Shephardeſſe, that death from vs be-(reaues
Her little goates, vpon the twining leaues
VVas wont to feed, to her our lookes did go,
To gather indiſſoluble pure ſnow.
For white and red ſo flouriſht in her cheeke,
That *Edins* white and orient ſeem'd to ſpeake.
Natures decree in poliſh'd yuorie, (die
That with her glade, true beauties day ſhould
A hooke of Chriſtall were her haires, her eine.
Enſnar'd with ſun beames in a ſilken line.
VVhere vertues did a world of hearts behold
Surpriz'd by bluſhes in a net of gold.
In wonders Simpathie, from earth exil'd,
Her vertue liu'd to beautie reconcil'd.

Permeſſus oues ad flumina pa-uit Adonis: Virg

Canto XVIII.

SEeking her face at midnight for the day.
I did behold night, heauen, moone & may.
For ſtars & vertues *Sunnes* & flowers did trip,
From cheeke to forehead, & from eie to lip.
Her coũtenãce moued with a thouſãd graces

As prettie dimples quauer in loues faces,
Whoſe luſters had they bin by cignet ſhown
They would haue turn'd *Achilles* to a ſtone.
Haue beene an incenſorie flame to make,
The *Phœnix* rare an other ſhape to take.
A yeare of may-months on her brow did oaſt
Marſhalling features to defend the coaſt.
Vnder whoſe enſigne modeſtie did fight,
Againſt all falſe exacters of delight.

Canto XIX.

HEr hairs that on her brow the air did blow
Bended like daffadillis kiſſing ſnow. (line,
Where beauty drawne with many an azure
Shew'd to the world ſhe was a wight deuine.
And in her looks were liuing angels drawne,
Weauing hart-wõders in her cheeks ſoft lawn
The little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
Vnder her eie-lids to behold their faces.
VVhich ſat in Canopies to all diſcloſes,
Two ſiluer loade-ſtarres in a skie of roſes.
Pallas diſciphred not a fairer dame,
Of ſilke and tincy in gold arras frame.
She was a virgin to be praiſ'd of kinges,
And was the diamond of earhtly thinges,

Canto XX.

BVt now yon honied flowers with balmy (ſap,
That ſunny bloomes awake on *Tellus* lap.

Shall decorate no more her boſome ſweet,
For ſhe is gladed in her winding ſheete.
The twining worms within the dead mās hal -
For loue knots, in het ſilken locks do craule. --
VVith mourning ſilence, by ſome ſecret tree,
Like to the turtle I will grieue for thee.
And if I talke, my ſpeech but ſorrow tels,
My hearing deafe, but onely hearing knels.
The rotten toade-ſtoole ſhall content my taſt
My ſight and feeling after death ſhall haſt.
That worne with, Morphew leane & withe-
I mȳ reſemble my companions dead. (red,

Winding.
Nec gemere aëria ceſſabit turtur ab Vlmo
Vir.

Britans Ode S.XXI.

VVHen as that cunning Artizan,
Faire *Philomel*, her ſong began.
The time *Aurora* in her tent,
Diſplay'd her rubie ornament.
This time the terme of ſhepheards law,
Came louely *Aſtrabonica*.
To teach her corrall lip to plead,
Of loue, in the greene girdled meade.
Lookes that ſith, and ſiths that looke,
Inſtantly my arrant tooke,
Heart did loue to eies deliuer,
To preſent the faireſt liuer.
Hartles ſoules, we both did woe,
VVanting heartes yet both had two.
Like *Ganimed* her face did ſhine, (wine.
That youth which drawes the Gods their

Her

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

Her feature ſeem'd of fleſh and bone,
Like *Venus* in white marble ſtone.
The yuorie girle was not ſo white,
In which *Pigmalion* tooke delight.
Her skin as ſleeke as *Affricke* ſilke,
Her vainslike violet ſtraines in milke.
Her haires reueal'd the golden fleece,
Or paſſing tindaris of *Greece*:
Queene-apples for her did I get,
VVith yellow ſides like amber wheate.
VVith turtle-doues from mirtle neſt,
VVhile ſhe made bracelets for my wreſt.
But wer't the ſonne of *Telaphus*,
Or youthfull chaſt *Hippolitus*.
That had with grizly death agreed,
To fetch her to th'*Eliſian* meade.
To be the flower of virgins there,
I know not but their did appeare.
From violet buds a ſerpent blew,
VVhoſe ſting infix'd, *Aſtræa* ſlew.
There as me a ſleepe ſhe ſung,
Death, to death, her ſorrowes ſtung.
Medea wanted to apply,
Nepenthe buds and dittany.
And whileſt heauens tooke her ſoule,
Theeuiſh death her beauty ſtole.
So the roſe-bud of our ſpring,
Died like euery pleaſant thing.
So the Lilly of our field,
Preſently her life did yeeld.
Preſently, for fineſt leaues,

Aurea mala decemn iſi, cras altera mittam Virg.

Nec ſemper Viola, nec ſemper lilia florent: At rigret amiſſa ſpina relicta roſa. Ouidius. Forma breuis flos eſt.

First from greene, the froſt bereaues.
Thus deſteny our life but lends,
And care begin's where pleaſure ends.
So death's lure muſt be obaid,
And good thinges ſooneſt are betraid.
So that which men moſt pretious call,
Springs but to feede miſchance withall.
Phaetuſa neuer more did mourne,
VVhen ſobs did her to *Amber* turne.
Nor *Progne*, which on turrets ſteepe,
For mens falſe periuries doth weepe.
Then I, when fatall palenes there,
I had eſpi'd to clould my deare.
O *Aſtrabonica* I cri'd,
And eccho halfe the name repli'd.
Bonica is gone to keepe,
A flocke of heauens golden ſheepe,
Then viewed I her in ſuch ſad ſort,
As ſorrow none can now report.
Curſing planets of lifes might,
Starres of birth that did this ſpight
And all that vnto death belongs,
Teares of graue, and herſes ſongs,
Breathing out her finall grone,
Shee deſird to paſſe alone.
This is my laſt requeſt quoth ſhee,
Stay here till I do come for thee:
So here I ſtay amidſt this vale,
Till my *Elizian* Nightingale,
Inuite me to the middle ſpring,
If my cares thorne her boſome ſting.

So

For the death of Aſtrabonica.

So here I ſtay againſt my breſt,
As *Philomele* when I ſhould reſt.
The thorne of fortune which ſpares none,
To make me mindefull to be gone.
From hence where man is made the ſlaue,
Of all miſhaps vntil his graue.
This apparant to the woods,
The *Nimphes* ſelected verdant buds,
And time the daffadilly gaue,
So ſhee was wedded to her graue,
In maiden yeeres who was deſtroid,
For good thinges ſeldome are enioi'd.

Nemo fœlix eſt dict ſuit aut quæ quamcrit. Zen.

HEre is no ſage Aſtidamus *to pleaſe,*
Enuy that honeſt actions doth diſpleaſe.
No liquide incke of Hellicon *to write,*
Rurall my ſongs, and I a rurall wight.
In Weſterne Vallies by the Sycomers,
Elizian *ſorrowes, ſhed in Aprill teares.*
Relent not reede, though fawning Gnatho *ſpight,*
Aſſes more often vſe to bray then bite.
Yet as thou art ſubmiſſiue to the wiſe,
Malignant curs deride and ſotts deſpiſe.
Of Zeuxes *penſill let* Apelles *tell,*
Nature ordain'd thee to an oaten Quill.
Depart and liue for Hiltons *olde content,*
Eternized by Thameſis *continent.*

FINIS.

THE VVORLDES *VANITIE.*

Very profitable for all ſorts *to conſider.*

Eſt Vita ægra ſalus, Vexata qnies, pius error,
Bellica pax, Vullnus duceque, ſuaue malum.

This bone-bare glosse, presẽts to thee
What thou ere many houres shalt be.

Loue God, hate sinne, haue heauen in minde,
Esteeme not youth, for death is blinde.

To

To the right worſhipfull and *valourous Knight, ſir* George Morton.

SOme Mantuan *poet ſhall thee dignifie,*
Amongſt the worthies vnto honour giuen,
And thy braue ſpirits magnanimitie,
Fix to the allabaſter clime of heauen:
Great mirrour of Apollos *youthfull face,*
Meane time I conſecrate theſe laies to thee,
In thy applauſiue worth, vouchſafe their place,
If Epicures and th'enuious barke at me,
As ſure they will, for vertue is vnſweete
To ſuch who here in wormeholes ſpred their tents
(For ſtill the Peacocke *hates to ſee his feete)*
And Scarabies delight but excrementes.
Which ſong of Time, times ornament eſteeme,
Then free from Time, my laies may time redeeme.

Your worſhips in bounden duty

Henry Raymonde.

The worldes Vanitie.

WHen *Zephirus*, the primroſe loue was come,
To raize the ſleeping pawnce from winters
And *Aprill* ſeaſons nutrimentall blome. (ſpight,
The ſable earth in daffadillies dight.
Whilſt vnto *Flora*, birds on euery tree,
Their homage paid in *Tubals* harmonie.

Then on a promontory by the weſt,
I ſpent my time in meditation,
To ſing vnto my reede eſteeming beſt,
Some ſong thot might remain when I am gone,
Where full of care for *Aſtrabonica*,
This languiſhmen of life my voice did draw.

In methode which perchance it ſelfe may ſaue,
From the inuaſion of diſſoluing daies
And keepe from deaths ſubuerſion & the graue,
My thoughts incloſed in ſurmuing laies (ſchools
Which ſpurnd by enuy ſhall affirme with
No praiſe ſo great as the contempt of fooles.

Frondeum infelix Philomela widum ponit argutum medidat ans camero. Gutture carmē Torew.

O who will learne me griefe? come *Philomele*,
That to the virgin Muſes Lutes doeſt ſing,
And wilt thy wofull deſteny reueale.
To ſhepheardes in the tender lipped ſpring,
Cimbale a ſiluer ſtraine, then ſob among,
And with ſweet diſcords melodie my ſong.

This fickle worlds delight, is but diſtreſſe,
Which wiſe men title falſe felicitie.
Fooles ſweet, whoſe ſubſtance is but bitterneſſe.

A ſilly toy to mocke our fantaſie
For none inherits ioy vpon the ground,
Vntill their bodies on the beare be bound.

Firſt ſtrãgers here we greet the world with cries
Cares eat our life, and we ſeede wormes at laſt,
Nothing haue we ſecure but miſeries,
Our goods are trifles for miſhap to waſt,
And he that ſeems too rich, too ſtrong to fade
Lies ſooneſt leuell by the deluers ſpade.

Here, if in vertuous partes we ſpend our dayes,
The euill minded mock and hate vs ſore,
And if we ſinne and follow vicious waies,
The good and vertuous will deteſt vs more
Thus enuy combates life, but happy thoſe,
That force the ſcum, their enuy to diſcloſe.

Life linked to the corſe appeares in view,
Like feathers on the arrowes that are ſold,
Which are but faſtned with a little glue,
Aud fall away by heate or watry colde.
So fals our life with euery little griefe,
Into the duſt, ſo falles the greeneſt leafe.

How can life be of any valour when,
A ſoldier but for eight pence doth it ſell?
How can it be that men ſhould not be men,
But ſo like brutes in baſe affections dwell?
When counting at their end their ſeaſon ſpent
Their life ſhall ſeeme a ſhort impriſonment.

The worldes Vanitie.

Here men repoſe ſecurenes in their hope,
In which their lot moſt fatall doth appeare,
For oft their purpoſe aymes beyond the ſcope.
Of the ſhort time, they haue to ſoiourne here:
Admit they liue, life but augments their thrall
Their wiſhes to ſome others lot do fall.

Florida etas multos morti, caſus habet. Cicer.

Man ſeemes to be moſt happie in his youth,
And in the joy, to that fraile flame aſſign'd,
But youth is fraileſt if we note the truth,
And ſooneſt ſpent, for youth with fooliſh minde
Falls vnawares on care, or timeles end,
His ioyes deride him, and to cares deſcend.

In wealth ſome other would be counted bleſt:
But vaine preſumption or vnthriftie pride,
VVith ſeruants falſhood empties oft his cheſt,
Or his inſatiate ſpirite doth hoorde and hide,
That hauing ſtore, he plaines of pouertie,
Or prodigall, is eate of vſurie.

Thus mortall happines (if any be)
Doth iointely yeeld vs moſt vnhappines,
For loſſe or gaine proue both alike to thee,
For loſſe or gaine proue both alike diſtreſſe,
Frail earthly things corrupt both root & ſeed
For to their loſſe, or gaine great cares proceed

All earthly pleaſures, that content the eie,
One blaſt their being, and their worth ſubdues,
Fortune with death miſchife with miſerie,
And momentarie end, our mirth purſues,

Then

Then if thou wilt thy heart on pleaſures lay,
Chooſe God to be thy confidence and ſtay.

This life is but a maygame, mixt with wo,
An aierie ſtage, where we like poppits play:
The greateſt ioy doth paſſe as minutes do,
And looke what time hath brought, time takes away,
VVith *Siſiphus*, we role a reſtles ſtone,
The beſt to day a man to morrow none.

Quis ſit an adiiciant hodiernæ craſtinæ ſi-tatemporadis ſupri. Horat.

Ioy is the image of vnconſtancie,
Day but a lampe for men to view their paines,
Time, purſeuant of imbecilitie,
Reſt, an vnreſt, where ſinne in thoughts remain,
All things es vnpermanant ſaue miſerie,
Miſhap, our wealth, and death, our deſteny.

To know this world make but anotomie,
Of the diſſembling hippocrites that liue,
Search him that yeelds thee formall curteſie,
And hee'le be thine, no longer then thou giue:
Making himſelfe a *Ianus* with two faces,
Now yeelding honour, and anon diſgraces,

Fallit Vitium ſpecie Virtutis. Iuuenal.

So doth the world, like to a paraſite,
Or flatterer vnto ſome fat-purſt foole,
Intice vs on with pleaſure and delight,
But when her blandiſhments atach our ſoule,
We find her painted craft was to beguile,
And *Syren* like to kill although ſhe ſmile.

Here is that radiant Iewell, vertue ſpurn'd,
Naked conceit bare witted brauerie
Doth fit her chariot ſhe being quite oreturnd:
Here ſhort liud gnats hate perpetuitie,

Whoſe

VVhose wit with *Midas* maks thē wear lōg eares
Though for their welth wise men with flatterers

O nummi vobis hunc præstat honorem. Iuue.

The ocean of obliuion must not drowne,
Those Guls, which to produse a benefit,
In all offences will a man renowne,
Th'ile say that madnes is a manly heate,
And if insatiately we swallow foode,
These will commēd our stomacks to be good

Our humors these will sound with subtill slight,
And where we estimate our selues most deare,
Either for forme of body, wit or might,
In that they will protest we haue no peere:
But mock vs gone, to such no counsell tell,
But seldome speake and alwaies listen well

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos. Tempora si fuerint nubila solus eris. Ouids.

Here whilst a man hath welth to spend and giue,
These threed-bare ecchoes of vnconstancie,
That like to droanes on others hony liue,
VVill counterfeit with men to liue and die.:
But if their patron once they needie see,
They seeke a new and then say farewell hee.

If they perceiue thy tables spring is drie,
These fawning *Gnathoes* from thy need wil turn
To other bordes, and to thine enemy,
Perchāce wil go to to do thee some shrewd turn
Some wilbe friends their aimed stroke to strike
Of which preuented, they will thee dislike.

They call him soole in these deceitfull daies

That

That is to ſeeke with both his hands to play,
VVherfore that wight is thrale to great diſmaies
On frindſhips truſt which doth his councels lay
Then with thy friend, as ſtill your friendſhip grow,
Remember he may liue to be thy foe.

As when *Sybell*, the troian duke did lead,
Vuto the mirtle woods and realme of ghoſts,
The helhouud ſnarled with the triple head,
And hegs and furies, ſerpents at him toſt:
So herewith ſlimie mouthes at vertue fights,
Luſts fat-braind fragmẽts cropſtuft paraſites,

Virtutis cõmentitia.

Thus in this world the laborinth of woes,
VVith falſe reſemblances we are ſuppreſt,
Learning and vertue haue ten thouſand foes,
In no degree content, or fortune reſt,
Helth, beuty, ſtrength & life, but ſpring to fall,
And enuie ſprings with either to wrong all.

A wight with neighbours happines and ioy,
Perplexed euer with contagious paine,
Is enuy euer laughing at annoy,
But ſtings her heart with ſnakes at others gaine,
At bookes and learning ſhe will poyſon fling
As thicke as *Bacchus* wiues at orphy ſling

Inuidus alterius rebus macret ſeſt opimis. Hor.

Effundet mala lingua Virus atrum. Virg.

Thus we with ſundry woes are martired,
Being poore in wealth, and ſtrangers to our own
Here in the vale of mouruing baniſhed,
Liuing but deputies and muſt begone:

And the more perfect all our vertues are,
The fouler enuies do againſt vs warre.

Then that which we call death, is not to die,
But rather to exchange a death for life,
And ſcape the cloiſter of all miſery,
And earthly ambages and helliſh ſtrife,
If by contemplating our ſtate we ſee,
We bõdſlaues liue, & death ſhall make vs free.

Dico tum Ciuem beatam fata cum peracta ſint: Solon.

The glutton thinks his belly is too ſmall,
The couetous ſtill wanteth droſſe and ſlime,
The flatterer proteſts hee's at thy call.
While for thẽſelues theſe cũning mates but clime
Here with ſuch counterfets wee alwaies dwell,
That ſeeke our goods but wiſh our ſouls in hel

Here being borne, we rather die then liue,
For all our life is as a ſeeming death,
Few howres we ſport, but many daies we grieue
Whilſt deth with ſecret hãd doth ſtop our breth
So though we ioy or grieue, while we be here,
We onely ſeeme as ſhadowes to appeare.

Both wealth, & friends, both ioys and ſports alſo
Will flit away if danger come in place:
And ſure they proue vntrue to make vs know,
That this fraile manſion is no dwelling place,
To teach vs loue thoſe things that ſtill endure,
And ſeeke a hauen wherein to liue ſecure.

Mans mortall life is like a ſpeedy poſt,

That

That from all places ſwiftly cuts a way,
Vntill he hath attaind his aimed coſt,
Both youth and age haſte on & make no ſtay,
In the beginning, middle end of either,
Both ſeeke ſuch things, and will abide with (neither
A wretched ſoule, that fortune down hath flũg, *Cum ſapido capimus ſæpe Venena Cibo.*
Finds no aſſiſtance in his ſhipwracks flaw,
In ſeeking flowers, with nettles we are ſtung,
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe.
And we reſemble till in duſt we lie
The flowet that in a day, doth ſpring and die.

Let not my words ſupply a wonders place,
For truth doth witneſſe that I do not faine,
He that is mortall knowes a mortals caſe,
And that each mortall liues in mortall paine.
For we were borne to die and die we muſt,
To day aliue to morrow turn'd to duſt.

What wight can well behold a dead mans skull
And ſighing will not ſay the ſame with me?
That were thy corps as *Salamander* wooll,
A vault of ſlime thou art, and once ſhalt be,
Cloſ'd in a chaſmell houſe as could as ſtone,
And meat to worms that now thou treadſt (vpon
This world is like vnto a common Inne
VVhere *Adams* child doth liue as paſſenger,
Here ſome one day, ſome many daies haue been,
Yet in their being they are nought the neare.

Dum loquimur fugit inuida ætas. Hor.

For tim's so swift, that none can time retaine,
And Time once gone, Time neuer turns again.

Mans life is very fitly term'd a span,
And we are but earths worst, and that is clay:
Wormes are the garland of vaineglorious man,
O be not proud sith thou must die to day.
Then if thou trust, trust death for he is sure,
For all on earth will perish as impure.

Life may be likened to a violet flower,
Begnawne with Caterpillers or the glew,
That wise *Medea* gaue her paramour,
VVhich choking balls the buls of *Colchos* slew:
Life may be like to nothing, sith man sees,
Nothing more like to nothing then life is,

Mandeeme thy selfe no better then thou art,
A sory iourniman from birth to graue:
All worldly goods which we encroach by art,
Are momentarie trash, and what we haue
Is of the world and must be left behinde,
And on the earth is no content of minde.

VVealth comes not in by hap or is increast,
By fathers toile, the sonnes good to prepare,
Promotion comes not from the East nor VVest,
Such fortuns dwel neither in moon nor star
But he doth all encrease, and blessings hold,
That first composed man of earthly mould.

As he in danger liues who hath a theefe

Hid closely in the night, behind his doore,
So all that liue haue euen of theeues the chiefe,
Death lodg'd within their boſō: *Thebes* therfore,
Wiſely ordaind, that licence none ſhold haue
To build his houſe, that made not firſt his graue

Triphon and *Agamendo* hauing made,
Apolloes temple, and for leu of this,
Deſir'd the happieſt thing that could be had,
They were repaid with death as chiefeſt bliſſe.
This common peril, ſalue of vanitie,
Is good, becauſe it endeth miſerie.

The power of fleſh is but a rotten reede,
And truth to ſay, what is proſperitie?
A ſlaue to alteration, care and dread,
A ſlipperie ſtep that ill men magnifie:
And life is but a warfare againſt ſinne,
And fleſh a bridewell to torment it in.

Brevis eſt magnifortuna ſaoris. Sen.

All worldly louers die not worthily,
But twiſe the paines of fleſhly death they beare,
Whereas the ſtout, and valiant men but die,
Theſe Cowards feele a double death for feare.
But fate which none can flatter, or ſuborne,
Nor tongue entreat, ought ſtoutly to be born.

I know the propertie of pleaſure is,
To leaue more ſorrow, when it'goes away,
Then when it came it brought deluding bliſſe,
And well I know, that death will haue his day:

And

And beuty, youth, & health are all but graſſe,
Or woemans breath vpon a looking glaſſe.

VVhen *Anaxarchus* wiſe o tirant great,
With iron hammers vnto death did grinde,
Beat on quoth he, for King, thou doſt not beat,
VViſe *Anaxarchus*, but his bag of winde. (death,
Thus ſtoutely wiſe men tooke their bodies
Eſteeming life a bubble ſcarce a breath.

Our life is but a barke vpon the maine
Of frailties ocean, beat with ſtorms of hap,
From bad to worſe, & ſo from paine to paine,
Made for the mock of time, on natures lap:
A luſt entiſ'd by Sathans pollicies,
A Pilgrim loſt in waileſſe miſeries.

And like a dart it flies vnto the graue,
The marke whereat by frailty it is ſhot,
Amidſt a skie of woes, which concurſe haue,
Vnto mortalitie the courage hot,
VVherewith our ſelues, our ſelues do ſo prouok
Is like to cinders that aſpire in ſmoke.

Contempt, ſecuritie, Pride, labour, crime,
Torments, or health lock'd vp in natures night,
Are but the carefull drugs of hapleſſe time,,
So often are we mock'd with ſhort delight,
VVithout mīſhap on earth may nothing be,
So thrall we are, ſo ſlauiſh each degree.
Here man is borne as he againe ſhalbe,

A feeble wight a little weeping clay,
Careleſſe to liue, taſt, ſmell, to heare or ſee,
Hauing no loue, but loue to paſſe away:
But growing vp, by nature he is bent,
To be ioyes louer proud incontiuent.

Omnis Voluptas pro nihilo eſt habenda quia poſtea nulla futura eſt. Salust.

But pleaſure ſeemes a faggot brought to fire,
It waſts the moment it begins to heat,
Time is the flame in which it doth aſpire,
It ſelfe the rotten wood, the ſmokings great,
Are the admires, and fond applaudities,
Of people vaine, from whom like miſt it flies

Agiſelaus beeing vrgd to ride,
VVith other Princes, to the *Olimpian* plaies,
Repli'd if there were ought that would abide,
Or if one might change ſorrow there for ioyes,
Sicknes for health, honour for infamie,
Or life for death he would that pleaſure trie.

But ſith, ſaies he, theſe ſports cannot remaine,
And that their actors fatall death deſtroies,
And what they do is like themſelues moſt vaine
I will not ſee ſuch momentarie toies:
Nor no *Olimpian* iewels will I haue,
Sith I ſhall carry nothing to my graue.
Yet, when we burne in cogitations fraile,
VVe trauaile like to *Lions* in our ſpeede,
In th'act of our temptatiõs, to preuaile,
Confuſed, till our thought be made a deede,

The

The which defrauding luſts whē we haue took,
In their beſt ſtay do vaniſh all like ſmoke.

And done we circumuent our ſelues thereby,
The time thereof departs and there we ſtand,
Detected factors of a villany,
Mock'd by the deed, and of the helliſh band,
The iudge, our cōſciēce doth cōdemn the euil
VVhich we commit and leaues vs to the deuill

Otium omnia mala docet, adoleſcentes. Cicer.

To ſome good art if Tutors do not binde,
Vs, in our youth, the cares of life to trie,
VVe, being free, our idle vexed minde,
To pleaſures damned faculties apply,
That worſe then prētiſhip, our fancie woūds
Our ſelues to death, & proue *Acteons* hounds

Here ſuch as gifts do ſpare, & thoſe made poore,
By giuing no reſpect can haue, for all,
Pleaſure excludeth who can giue no more,
Then pouertie her *syren* voice doth call,
If once enrich'd ſhe rich & poore doth weed,
Then turn's them out vnto ſmall friended need

To harbor in all weathers, poore and bare,
On the cold ground, of ſuch as friends had been
Some will deride them, none relieue their care,
But ſay wherefore had he not kept it then?
Thus when our wealth will not keepe cōpany
None will redreſſe our ſtates in miſerie.

And can we any earthly thing attaine,

Without

VVithout diſpleaſure, labour, miſerie?
VVhich of them are not ſlippery in the gaine,
And very maygames of vncertaintie?
Their vanitie no author can diſcuſſe,
They are as common vnto beaſts as vs.

The graue deliuers all men from their care,
And life once gon, ſinnes, time ſeemes finiſhed
In ſpite of all the ſnarling curs that are,
VVhich gnaw the liuing and torment the dead,
Both rich and poore, euen all that ſuffer grief
If good, ſhall after death find full reliefe.

Premia quæ-ta bonos mane-ant. Iuuen.

(came
VVhen *Thian* from the worldes great voiage
Some ask'd him what a world he then had ſeen
I haue beheld vertue oppreſt with blame,
(Quoth he) & poor mẽs ſuits cõfounded clean
By the vſurping proud, and fooles expreſſe,
And beat the wiſe, & great theeues hãg the les

And how for money *Argus* wil not ſee, (crime
How rich mẽs falts were ſport, but poore mens
How beſt deſerts with thãks ſcarce guerdõ'd be
How the oppreſt bought pitty in his time:
And how moſt ſeeming holy men in gownes,
Vnder thar ſanctimony fiſh'd for crowns.

This was the worlds rude reuolution then,
VVhich euer was but vaine and euer ſhall
Remaine mans hurt, ſinnes ſhop a dæmons den,
Or like a dreame, or toſſed tenniſe ball.

Mans life is fitly term'd a nothing got,
The gainers looſe the hauers haue it not.

Care eat's man's entralls, Enuie gnaws his back,
Fortune with ſlipperie chances trips his foote,
Greedines tels him ſomwhat ſtill doth lacke
VVhen he hath tooke his deepeſt ſhallow roote
His name, & fame, time doth diſſolue to nogh̄t
And one as vaine into his roome is brought.

The triumph daies which *Rome* to *Caſar* gaue,
Carthage to *Hannibal*, the ſpartan hoſt
Vnto *Leonides* that *Athens* graue
Impoſ'd on *Pericles* and *Perſia* coaſt
Allotted *Syrus*, after victorie
Had no repoſe, no perpetuitie.

For this the heathen Emperours ordain'd,
(So much this worlds vaine frailenes did they
That whē they had their diadēs attaind, (know)
Maſons & Caruers ſhould vnto them goe
Enquiring of what forme that tombe ſhould
Sowell the *Pagans* knew their vanitie. (be

For this the *Romans* made a wiſe decree,
That when a Conſull did in triumph ride
In Coach, with him a ſlaue ſhould placed be
Which ſlaue ſhold ſay my friend for all this pride
Take heed thou know thy ſelf chāce doth but ēd
This which in ſhame without great heed wil end
(ſeaſons & yeers
Through howrs through daies, weeks, months,
Through

Through labor, hunger, cold, care, watchings, paine
Throgh falſe delights, fools, vniuſt friends, loſſe, teares,
From birth life fades, vnto the graue again:
And death, the ſweet releaſe of ſorrow great,
The flouring bud of youth doth firſt defeat.

To Ciperiſſus youth he was extreame,
And vnto *Hilas*, who his locks did dight,
Making his noone daie mirror of a ſtreame,
And *Adlington* whoſe ſurname *Welſteed* hight,
In belgicke wars, his launce did ouercome,
Circling that yong *Apollo* with a tombe.

But, moſt obliged friend, thou ſhalt not lie,
In loweſt duſt, as though thou neuer were,
Although alas we all are borne to die,
My loue ſhall one day greet thy warlike beare:
Meane time repoſe thee in the Elizian field,
Fame hath thy name, and honours tent thy (ſhield.

Si quid mea carmina poſſint Nulla dies vnq; memori te eximet ævo Virg.

Yet will I mourne for thee with ſuch ſad laies,
As *Orpheus* once reſounded for a ghoſt,
When in the prime of all her flouring daies,
His yong wife whom he dearly loud he loſt.
The woods ſhalbe my houſe, my bed ſõe ſtone
There wil I liue, for thee & die alone.

Raptam euridicen, atque irrita Ditis dona querens. Virg.

Here, as they wold, who can their hopes receiue?
Here, as they would, who can eſteemed be:
Here, Fates, and friends perfidiouſly deceiue:
Here, as they wold (Time) who can ſeed on thee

None: for on earth, where al things are vnſure
Things ſeldome be, or being not indure.

My youth declin'd, and felt no kind of ioy,
The wanton daies wherein I tooke delight,
VVere but a dreame, a ſhadow, and a toy,
And were but lent to breede me more deſpight
But why vnpittied ſhould I murmur ſo?
I naked came, and naked hence muſt go,

Reſpect the vniuerſall liues of men,
And ſee what toile in liuing duſt remaines,
This man is fleſhly crimes deteſted den,
That ſeeks out *Anaxarchus* worlds for gaines,
Diſeaſes, need, and wrong an other knowes,
Like leaues in ſtorms ſo are we toſt with woes

And liuing here with whom doth man frequēt:
But with old lechers enuious paraſites,
Murtherers belly-ſlaues: what ſnares are bent,
Nouа terris incumbit febrium cohors, Horа. To take his ſoule, againſt his body fight,
Intollerable ſtones and ſtranguries,
VVith feuers, poſtumes, ſwelling maladies.

Man in this world is laid as ſure in hold,
Till he be put to execution,
For what gaile hath more labor, hunger, cold,
Or more diſeaſes then this world hath ſhown:
To greateſt men O vale of languiſhing,
No muſe can tell the troubls thou doſt bring

And whereas one adorned with the crowne

Of

Of ſiluer locked age, ſalutes his graue,
Infinite in their chiefe are beaten downe,
Death neither ſpares the wretched nor the braue
For death of cuſtome as a cold in May,
By toile, or ſorrow firſt giues youth decay.

Pallida mors aequo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regũque turres. Hor.

O fooliſh ſorrow, vexed happines,
Selfe flattering mock, proud nothing, painted
Chaos of trouble, miſchiefe, and diſtreſſe, (clay,
Vncureable *Vlcer*, *Syrens* lay,
Times Icarus, Poſt, Bubble, Froth, falſe name,
O life no ſlander can expreſſe thy blame.

Miſhaps tragedion, reſidence of paine,
Cipher of earth, ſinnes ſlaue, true reaſons gale,
Thoghts pray, ioies mock, youths foole, natures diſdaine,
Prids aſſe, into the ditch of death to fall
Is man, his youth, and age both fickle breath
Are but as Gaylors keeping him for death.

Cypher.

Thus all our daies are parents of ſure cares,
Our health the nurſe of wars, tween will & wit,
Our impious youth a miſt for age prepares,
A crimefull pack of ſinne, too great for it,
Our ſelues vnto our ſelues a wretchednes,
With vain cõceits our luſting minds oppres,

Will and Wit.

Our age preſents, but feeblenes diſguiſ'd
Perplex'd in thought with ſin, in fleſh with pain
His company, and counſels are deſpiſ'd
His death expected by his friends for gaine,
VVho much reioice if we in riches vade,

If poore to rid vs hence they wilbe glad.

For all their pallaces and ſhining pride,
Rich men are ſlaues to many tirannies,
And ſleepes foe ſorrow, durſt in them abide
Foule luſts, & mocked hopes do them ſurpriſe,
And thogh their greatnes keep the mean in fear
Yet moſt with them their own cõmãders bear.

If earth were animated with a ſoule
As *Plato* did ſuppoſe, the very ground,
Wheron he treads, would call a monarch foole,
And ſay thou wretch thou thinkſt thy ſelfe re-
Whē I, that am the earth retain in me (nownd,
A thouſand thouſand better men then thee.

And if earths compaſſe be a point in all,
Of which an Empire ſeemes a little ſparke,
VVhat may we then a priuate Lordſhip call,
Not halfe a wormehole If we rightly marke,
Then why ſhold any think themſelues ſo great
Sith they are bounded in ſo ſmall a ſeat.
And when thou leaueſt this life, th ou bearſt no- (thing
Of theſe with thee, thy realms, and pleaſurs ſend
Thee hence alone although thou were a king,
Thy fleſh alſo that ſeem'd thy deereſt friend,
A naked ſoule, doth let thee paſſe away.
Thus but in heauē, thou haſt no perfect ſtay.

Therefore we alwaies ſhold haue death in mind
How to another country we muſt go,

How

How life is but a leafe blowne vp with winde,
A cobweb light, a falſe familiar foe,
Sin's nurſe, a ſickneſs long, a dying day,
A friend of vice, that ſeeks the ſouls decay.

And al our pride is but mortalitie,
VVhere in an earthen frame, the plannets boile,
Humors corrupt, as *Cinthea* doth the ſea
VVhich do inueſt the ſoule and make her toile,
In cogitations baſe, and all earths beſt,
Is ſeldome had or gotten but vnreſt,

Our home aboue the circle of the ſtars
Is ſet, leauing the clouds behind her back,
To the laſt heauen the ſoule her flight prepares,
By death releaſed from this vally blacke,
VVhether when endeed deſteny thee brings,
That thou behold the ſhining iudg of things

Then wilt thou ſay this is the wiſhed place,
My country true of which I had no minde,
Here was I borne & bowing down thy face,
To earth, thou wilt cõdemn thy ſtiends ſo kinde,
That there lament thy death becauſe they caſt,
Their loue on luſts, & ioies that wil not laſt.

This earth is but a Cell of puniſhment,
Yet peoples inſolencie will not know it,
Vntil they fal in matter of complaint, (defeate,
Though time their youth & chance their friends

VVhilſt

VVhilſt that thẽſelues are wel they think ſuch
As ſay this world is but meere vanity. (lie,

The minuts, hours, daies, weeks, months & yeers
On whoſe ſwift tranſmigration life depends,
Seniſter chance excruciates with teares,
If one day pleaſe, a month with care offends,
The liked time declines, the wiſhed lot
Com's ſild, and ſoone departeth being got.

Count but the time, ere thou thy wiſh obtaine,
Then next, how long thow after that maiſt liue.
And thou ſhall ſee it proue ſo ſhort and vaine,
That hauing it, it ſhall thy minde but grieue,
And proue in vſage, leſſe and worſe to thee,
Then in thy fancy firſt it ſeemd to be.

As the vniointed limbe no eaſe can haue,
But by vniting with his natiue place:
So from his birth vntill he hath his graue,
Man liues in griefe, & doth but thornes imbrace
In ioy & time, he hopes but for his paine,
And hating death, he hates his greateſt gaine.

Now ſith the world can giue but painted bubbls
For fooles and epicures to dote vpon,
Tell it, it can impart nor ioies nor troubles,
For all is but a dreame below the ſunne,
And fleſh is duſt, pride, vaine, & life a ſpan.
Then bid the world afflict thee how it can,

Foes, fortune, world & hate, your worſt is death

Greatnes

Greatnes, delight, and pompe, your best is end,
Here hopes and friends the fates sequestreth,
And many teares for both in vaine we spend.
The liuing and the great are fortunes slaues,
More then the wretch, or those that lodge in graues.

Thus is our life but carefull meditation,
Of vaine discordant thoughts, a liking shade,
Of momentarie thinges a mist soone gone,
A frothy dew which to it selfe hath made,
The promise of lõg time, whẽ that each hour
It is vnto it selfe vnknowne vnsure.

Qua ætas longa est aut quidem nimis hominis longum, Salust.

And of this life, the trust and confidence,
Whose short abode doth makevs bold to sinne,
By this thou seest and by experience,
That since the howre in which it did begin,
It runnerh vnto nought and euer shall,
Till it expire as it had neuer beene,
Like to a dreame or shadow on a wall.

VVhat foole will then repine to passe frõ hence,
where nothing is sincere faith, peace, nor loue,
VVhere many most oppresse the least offence,
VVhereas the great are not so sure aboue,
But they shall naked passe to natures Inne,
And soone become, as they had neuer beene.

That they may enter heauens eternall gate,
To Christ, who cals oppressed soules to ioy,
And with the blessed sainted infants mate,

Math. xi.

VVhich *Herod* from ſweet *Iewrie* did deſtroy,
VVherewith all wronged innocents appears,
Matth. 2. Their weeping mothers bath'd in bloud and (teares
No eie hath euerſeene nor heart hath thought,
Corinth. xi. The ſolaces which God hath laid in ſtore
For their content, who ſet this world at nought
Pſal. 84. The kingly prophet wiſh'd to keepe the doore
Of that place, rather then he would poſſeſſe
All earthly Princes glorious wretchednes,

Here ſoldiers and couragious noble men,
VVho for their countries honor were ſuppreſt,
Releaſed from their bodies painefull den,
With euerlaſting quietnes are bleſt
In vnion of the Godheads trinitie,
They that were mortall liuing angels be.

VVhich Lord I pray, that when our life ſhal end
This life which day by day in vanitie,
And night by night to none effect we ſpend,
Of all offences pardoned let vs be
Committed heere by miſt of mind oppreſt,
That in thy promiſ'd glory wee may reſt.

The glory bright of that immortall raigne,
VVhere ſoules and bodies ſhalbe wedded new,
After domes day, and neuer die againe,
Paul wiſh'd to be diſſolud this ſame to view,
And praiſes of his higheſt God to ſing,
In Paradiſe by heauens eternall ſpring.

That therefore we may truſt none earthly thing

Sweet

Sweet Iesu, for thy tender loue to all,
VVith the lost sheepe vnto thy folde vs bring,
That we may know thy voice whē thou dost call *Math 18.*
Make saued souls of these our sinfull formes
And thinke on me Lord, when I am in thrall,
And lie in graue a deaths head full of wormes.
Grant Christ whose blessed bloud in crimson (streames,
With bitter rods and cruell nayles was shed,
Whose sacred limbes were rack'd on woodden beames
Whose holy heart was pierced being dead,
Grant to protect vs from all deadly sinne,
And when we from this dying life are fled,
Let sorrowes end and heauenly ioyes begin.

Amen.

An Ode.

Nulla dies caret mœrore.

VVIth prouidence reflect thy looke,
Into thy liues accounting booke,
And thou shalt see how Time destroyes
Thy youth, thy friends, thy foolish ioyes.
Which pleasures mocking all desires,
Shew them but seruants vnto liers,
And looke on this with eies of minde,
With which men see when they are blinde.
None euer had such ioy a day,
That from them did not slide away.
For that soone turneth into was,
Which spring of late as tender grasse.
With ioy let none himselfe deceiue,

For euery luſt will take his leaue.
Rich miſerie is great mens ſhare,
Pompous diſtreſſe and glittring care,
VVith which they toile as troubles lent,
Till death exact of them their rent.
Still in thy pleaſure beare in minde,
That ſorrow is not far behinde.
Fiuers preſent our image plaine,
VVhich paſſing neuer turne againe.
Such is this world when it is beſt,
That each degree finds little reſt.
He that is higheſt in his pride,
His fortune changeth as the tide.
All ſignifies a fading flowre,
Ruſt, Time, and wormes will all deuoure.
Life, Ioy, and euery pleaſant meede,
Scarce hangeth by a ſlender threede.
To all, this period fate doth doome,
That all muſt vnto nothing come.
As child in nurſes arms, by death
Included here we draw our breath.
VVhere all our ſolace is vnſtable,
Out death vnknowne inceuitable
VVhich none by ſtrength alternate may,
Riches, or birth, or other way.
And earth is promiſer of reſt,
VVhich is not as it ſeem'd poſſeſt.
None haue contentment at their call,
And ſmaleſt ſweet abounds in gall.
VVhen we thinke ſureſt for to ſtand,
Then greateſt ſlidings are at hand.

One

One danger ſildome comes alone,
But moe proceed ere that be gone.
The Caſtels, which repulſe a foe,
Cannot defend a man from woe.
VVherefore old *Solon* did commend,
To call none happie till their end.
And *Dyon* gaue this ſentence rare,
The ſhorter life the leſſer care.
From birth that priſon we aſcend,
On earth, as ſtage to take our end.
And here a life enui'd we haue,
And no true reſt vntill our graue.
VVherefore fooles heauen, but wiſe mens hell,
Vaine Earth, I bid thy ioyes farewell.

FINIS.

Ad ſuos libros.

AS Time and the cold graue,
Concludeth euery thing:
So you I ended haue
Poore bookes, amidſt the ſpring
Euen as the *Larke* ſaluted day
And ſiluer drops bedewd each way.

Go now and pardon craue
Of that heroick knight,
Which wiſedome doth embraue,
Whom if you know not right,
His bountie, ſtature, compleat forme,
And valour great ſhall you informe.

His haire like wreaths of gold
Do ſhade his manly face,
So warlike to behold
As *Mars* the God of *Thrace*.
Nature and Art did both conſent
So to contriue him excellent.

His Lady freſh alſo,
And daughters vertues flowers,
Adorne you, as you goe
Vntill your lateſt houres.
Which goodly creatures to be ſeene
Seeme Lillies on their ſtalkes ſo greene.

So paſſe away and if that enuie ſtirre,
T'is but a ſtingles drone, a barking cur.

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